

SHELF MARK \*  
Antiq.e.E.79

The Eighteenth  
Century

Author: Grubb, John.

Title: The British heroes: or, a new poem in honour of St. George, &c. By Mr.  
John Grub, ...

Imprint: [London, 1707?].

Collation: 4p.; 4\*

Notes: Drop-head title. - "A piracy" (Foxon). - Imprint from colophon which  
reads: London: printed by J. Bradford, in Fetter-Lane.

RCN: t196050

OUT TO RP:

(RP)

IN TO BL:

(BL)

REJECTED:

RP Reel No: 0 6335

RP Reel Location No: \* 4

RP ID No: 05V004396-002

☐ Tight Bindings

☐ Fine Bindings

☐ Fragile Book

☐ BL Archival Film

☐ RP Filming

☐ BL Filming

☐ Via Bind to RP

☐ Via Bind to BL

FILMING COPY

  
RESEARCH PUBLICATION  
INTERNATIONAL

St. John Pickering and Chats.



Antiq. e. E. 79



( 1 )

# THE British Heroes :

O R, A  
New Poem in Honour of St. *G E O R G E*, &c.

---

By Mr. *J O H N G R O B*, School-Master of *Christ-Church, Oxon.*

---

*Ipse linguis : Carmina non prius*

*Aut Musarum Sacerdos*

— Canto.

Hor.

---

**T**HE Story of King *Arthur* old  
Is very memorable,  
The Number of his valiant Knights  
and Roundness of his Table :  
His Knights around his Table in  
A Circle sat, de'e see,  
And all together made up one  
Large Hoop of Chivalry.  
He had a Sword both large and sharp,  
Ycleped *Calibourn*  
'Twould cut a Flint more easily  
Then Penknife cuts a Corn.  
As Case-knife does a Capon carve,  
So would it carve a Rock,  
And split a Man at single Slash,  
From Noddle down to Nock.  
He was the Cream of *Brecknock*,  
Flower of all the *Welch*.  
But *George* he did the Dragon fell,  
And gave him a plaguy Squelch.  
*St. George* he was for England,  
*St. Dennis* was for France,  
*Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

II.

*Tamarlain* with *Tartarian* Bow  
The *Turkish* Squadrons slew,  
And fetch'd the Pagan Crescent down  
With half Moon made of Yew.  
This trusty Bow proud *Turks* did gall  
With Showers of Arrows thick,

And Bow-strings, without strangling, sent  
*Grand Viziers* to old Nick;  
Much Turbants, and much Pagan Pates  
He made to tumble in Dust,  
And Heads of *Saracens* he fixt  
On Spear, as on a Sign-Post.  
He coop't in cage *Bajazet*, the Prop  
Of *Mahomet's* Religion,  
As if't had been the whispering Bird,  
That prompted him, the Pidgeon.  
In Turkey-Leather Scabbard he  
Did sheath his Blade so trenchant,  
But *George* he swing'd the Dragon's Tail  
And cut off every Inch on't.  
*St. George, &c.*

III.

*Achilles* of old *Chiron* learn'd  
The great Horse for to ride,  
H'was taught by *Centaur's* rational part  
The Hinnible to bestride.  
Bright silver Feet and smiling Face  
Had that stout Heroe's Mother  
As Rapier's silver'd at one End  
And wounds you with the other,  
Her Feet were bright, his Feet were swift  
As Hawk pursuing Sparrow,  
Hers had the Metal, his the Speed  
\* Of *Barfoot's* silver Arrow.  
*Thetis* to double Pedagogue  
Commits her dearest Boy,

Who bred him from a tender Twig  
 To be the Scourge of Troy.  
 But e'er he l sh'd the *Trojans* H'was  
 In *Stygian* Water steep't,  
 As Birch is soaked first in Piss  
 When Boys are to be whipt.  
 With Skin exceeding hard he rose  
 From Lake, as black and muddy  
 As Lobsters from the Ocean rise  
 With Shell about their Body:  
 And as from Lobsters broken Claw  
 Pick out the Fish you might,  
 So you might from one unshell'd Heel  
 Dig pieces of the Knight.  
 His *Myrmidons* robb'd *Priam's* Barns  
 And Hen-roosts, says the Song,  
 Carried away both Corn and Eggs,  
 Like Ants, from whence they sprung.  
 Himself tore *Hector's* Pantaloon  
 And sent him down bare-breech't  
 To Pedant *Radamanthus* in  
 A posture to be switch'd,  
 But *George* he made the Dragon look  
 As if he had been bewitch'd.  
*St. George, &c.*

## IV.

The Amazon *Thalestris* was  
 Both beautiful and bold,  
 She fear'd her Breasts with Iron hos  
 And bang'd her Foes with cold.  
 Her Hand was like the Tool wherewith  
*Jove* keeps proud Mortals under,  
 It shone just like his Lightning,  
 And batter'd like his Thunder.  
 Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blight  
 The proudest he that swagger'd  
 And melt the Rapier of the Soul  
 In its corporeal Scabbard.  
 With Beauty, that great *Lapland*-Charm  
 Poor Men she did bewitch all,  
 Still a blind whining Lover had,  
 As *Pallas* had her Screech-Owl.  
 Her Beauty and her Drum to Foes  
 Did cause Amazement double  
 As timorous Larks affrighted are  
 With Light, and eke with Low-bell.  
 She kept the Castness of a Nun,  
 In Armour, as in Cloyster,  
 But *George* undid the Dragon just  
 As you'd undo an Oyler,  
*St. George, &c.*

## V.

Full fatal to the *Romans* was  
 The Carthaginian *Hanni-*  
*bal*, him I mean, who gave to them

That devilish Thump at *Canna*.  
*Moors* thick as Goats on *Penmanmore*  
 Stood on the *Alps's* front,  
 Their \* one ey'd Guide, like blinking Moles,  
 Bor'd through the hind'ring Mount;  
 Who baffled by the mossy Rock  
 Took Vinegar for Relief,  
 As Plow-men when they hew their Way  
 Through stubborn Rump of Beef.  
 As dancing Lowts from humid Toes  
 Cast Atomes of ill savour  
 To blinking † *Hyatt*, when one vile Crowd  
 He Merriment does endeavour,  
 And on harmonious Timber saws  
 A wretched Tune to quiver,  
 Just so the *Romans* sunk at Sight  
 Of *African Canniver*.  
 The tawny Surface of his Phiz  
 Did serve him for a Vizzard,  
 But *George* he made the Dragon have  
 A Grumbling in his Gizzard.  
*St. George, &c.*

## VI.

The Valour of *Domitian*  
 It must not be forgotten,  
 Who from the Jaws of worm-blowing Fly  
 Freed Suppliant Veal and Mutton.  
 A Squadron of *Flies* errant,  
 Against the Foe appears,  
 With Regiments of buzzing Knights,  
 And Swarms of Volunteers.  
 The Warlike *Wasp* encourag'd 'em  
 With animating Hum,  
 And the loud brazen *Hornet* next  
 He was their Kettle-Drum.  
 The *Spanish* *Dan Catharido*  
 Did him most sorely pester,  
 And rais'd on skin of vent'rous Knight  
 Full many a plaguy Blister.  
 A *Bee* whip through his Button-hole  
 As through Key-hole a Witch,  
 And stab'd him with her little Tuck,  
 Drawn out of Scabbard Breech.  
 But the undaunted Knight lifts up  
 An Arm both big and brawny,  
 And slasht her so, that here lay Head  
 And there lay Bag and Honey.  
 Then 'mongst the Rout he flew as swift  
 As Weapon made by *Cylops*,  
 And bravely quell'd seditious Buzz  
 By Dint of massy *Fly-Flops*.  
 Surviving *Flies* do Curfes breath,  
 And Maggots too at *Cesar*;  
 But *George* he shav'd the Dragon's Beard,  
 And *Askelon* was his Razor.  
*St. George, &c.*



\* Hannibal. † A one Ey'd Fellow who pretended to make Fiddles, as well as play on 'em; well known in Oxon.



## VII.

The *Gemul* sprung of an Egg,  
 Were put into a Cradle,  
 Their Brains with Knocks and Bottl'd Ale  
 Were oftentimes full addle.  
 And, scarcely hatch'd, these Sons of him  
 That hurls the bold Trifurcate,  
 With Helmet-shell and tender Head,  
 Did tussle with with red-ey'd Polecat.  
*Castor* a Horseman, *Pollux* tho'  
 A boxer was that wist,  
 The one was fam'd for Iron Heel,  
 Th' other for Leaden Fist.  
*Pollux*, to shew he was a God,  
 When he was in a Passion,  
 With Fist made Noses fall down flat  
 By way of Adoration.  
 This Fist as true as *French* Disease  
 Demolish'd Noses Bridges,  
 He, like a certain \* Lord, was fam'd  
 For breaking down of Bridges.  
*Castor* the Flame of fiery Steed  
 With well Spar'd Boots took down,  
 As Men with leathern Buckets do  
 Quench Fire in a Town.  
 His famous horse that liv'd on Oats  
 Is sup'g on Oaten Quill,  
 By *Bar*'s immortal Provender  
 The Nag surviveth still.  
 This Brood of Eggs on none but Rogues  
 Employ'd their brisk Artillery,  
 And flew as naturally at Knaves,  
 As Eggs at Knaves in Pillory.  
 Much Sweet they spent in furious Fight  
 Much Blood they did effund,  
 Their Whites they vented thro' the Pores,  
 Their Yolks thro' gaping Wounds.  
 Then both were cleans'd from Blood and Dust  
 To make a Heavenly Sign,  
 The Lads, just like their Arms, were scour'd,  
 And then hang'd up to shine.  
 Such were the Heavenly double Dicks  
 The Sons of *Jove* and *Tindar*  
 But *George* he cut the Dragon up  
 As it had been *Duck* or *Windar*.  
*St. George, &c.*

## VIII.

*Pendragon*, like his Father *Jove*,  
 Was fed with Milk of Goat,  
 And like him made a Noble Shield  
 Of the Goat's shaggy Coat.  
 On Top of burnisht Helmet, he  
 Did wear a Crest of Leeks,  
 And Onion Heads, with Dreadful Nod  
 Drew Tears from hostile Cheeks.  
 Itch and *Welsh* Blood did make him hot,  
 And very prone by Ire,  
 H' was ting'd with *Brimstone* like a Watch,  
 And would as soon take Fire.

And *Brimstone* he took inwardly  
 When *Searf* gave him Occasion,  
 His postern Pass of Wind was a  
 Sulphurous Exaltation.  
 The *Britain* never tergivers'd  
 But was for adverse Drubbing,  
 And never turn'd his Back for ought  
 But to a Post for Scrubbing.  
 His Sword would Serve for Battel, or  
 For Dinner, if you please;  
 When it had slain a *Cheshire* Man,  
 'Tould toast a *Cheshire* Cheese.  
 He wounded, and in their own Blood,  
 Did Anabaptize Pagans  
 But *George* he made the Dragon an  
 Example to all Dragons.  
*St. George, &c.*

## IX.

*Gorgon* a twisted Adder wore  
 For Knot upon her Shoulder  
 Shee kemb'd her hissing Perriwig,  
 And curled Snakes did powder.  
 These Snakes they made stiff Changelings  
 Of all the Folks they list on,  
 They turned Barbers into Hones  
 And Masons into Free-Stone.  
 Sworded Magnetick *Amazon*  
 Her Shield to Loadstone changes,  
 Then amorous Sword by Magick Belt  
 Clung fast unto her Haunches.  
 This Shield *Long Village* did protect  
 And kept the Army from Town,  
 And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks  
 That came t' invade \* *Long Compton*.  
 She Post-diluvian Stones unman,  
 And *Pyrrhus*'s Work unravels,  
 And turns *Deucalion*'s hardly Boys  
 Back to their primitive Pebbles.  
 Red Noses she to Rubies turn'd,  
 Red Noddles into Bricks,  
 But *George* made the Dragon laxative,  
 And gave him a Bloody Flix,  
*St. George, &c.*

## X.

Brave *Warwick Guy* at Dinner-time  
 Challeng'd a Gyant Savage,  
 When strait came out unweildy Lowt  
 Brimful of Wrath and Cabbage:  
 He had a Phiz of Latitude  
 And was full thick in ch' Middle  
 The Checks of puffed Trumpeter  
 And Paunch of \* Squire Beadle.  
 But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak  
 And did upon his Back tread,  
 The valiant *Guy* his Weazon cur,  
 But *Atropos* his Packthread.  
 Besides he fought with a *Dun Cow*,  
 As say the Poets witty,  
 A dreadful *Dun*, and horned too,  
 Like † *Dun* of *Oxford City*.

\* Lord L--ce broke down the Bridges about Oxford at the beginning of the Revolution.

\* A place in Oxfordshire, famous for a parcel of Stones, vide Dr. Plot's History of Oxfordshire.

† Trade-men.

\* Man of Bulk and meritable to their Place.



The fervent Dog-days made her mad,  
By causing Heat of Weather,

Sirius and Procyon baited her,

As Bull-Dogs did her Father,

Graziers nor Butchers this fell Beast

E're of her Frolick hindred,

\* John Dosset she'd knock down as flat,

As John knocks down her Kindred.

Her Heels would lay you all along

And kick into a Swoon

Cow-heels of *† Friars* keep up your Corps

But here 'twould beat you down.

She vanquish'd many a sturdy Wight,

And proud was of the Honour,

Was puff'd by mauling Butchers so,

As if themselves had blown her.

At once she kickt, and pusht at *Guy*

But all that would not fright him,

Who wav'd his Whinniard o'er *Sir Loin*

As if he had gone to Knight him.

He let her Blood, Frenzy to cure,

And eke he did her Gall rip,

His Trenchant Blade, like Cooks long Spit,

Ran through the Monsters Bald-Rib,

He rear'd up the vast crooked Rib

Instead of Arch Triumphant,

But *George* hit the Dragon such a Knock

As made him on his Bum fall.

*St. George, &c.*

#### XI.

Great *Hercules* the Off-spring was

Of *Jove* and fair *Alcmene*,

One Part of him Celestial was,

One part of him Terrene

To Scale the Walls of his Cradle

Two fiery Snakes combin'd

And just like unto swadling Bands

About the Infant twin'd;

But he put out these Dragons Fires

And did their Hissing stop,

As red hot Iron with hissing Noise

Is quench'd in Black-Smiths Shop.

He cleans'd a Stable, and rubb'd down

Th' Horses of Guests, and new-Commers,

For out of Horse-Dung he rais'd Fame

As \* *Tom Wrench* does Cucumbers.

He made a River help him though,

*Alpheus* was under Groom,

The Streams, disgust at Office mean.

Went murmuring through the Room.

This liquid Hostler to prevent

Being tired with a long Work,

His Father *Nptune's* Trident took

Instead of three tooth'd Dung-Fork.

This *Hercules* as Soldier, and

As Spinster could take pains,

His Club it sometimes would spin Flax.

And sometimes knock out Brains.

H was forc'd to spin his Mils a Shift,

By *Juno's* Wrath and her Spight

Fare *Amphale* whip'd him to his Wheel

As Cook whips Barking Turn-Spit

From Man or Churn he well knew how

To get him lasting Fame

He'd baite a Giant till the Blood,

And milk till Butter came.

Often he fought with huge Battoon

And often he had boxed,

Tap'd a flesh Monster once a Week

As \* *Harvey* does a Hoghead,

To stiff *Antaus* he gave such

As Folks do in *Cornwall*,

But *George* he did the Dragon kill

As dead as any Door-Nail.

*St. George, &c.*

#### XII.

By Boar-Spear *Meleagar* acquir'd

An Everlasting Name,

And out of Haunch of basted Swine

He had eternal Fame.

The Beast the Heroe's Trowzers rot

And rudely show'd his bare Breach

Prick'd out the Wem, and out there came

Heroick Guts and Garbbage.

Legs were secur'd by Iron Boots

No more than Pease by Peascods,

Brass Helmets, with inclosee Skulls,

Wou'd crackle in's Mouth like Chesnuts.

His tawny Hairs erected were

By Rage that was resistless,

And Wrath, instead of Cobler's Wax,

Did stiffen his rising Bristles.

His Tusk laid Dogs to sleep, that Whip

Nor Bugle Horn could wake 'em,

It made them vent both their last Blood

And their last *Alum Gracum*.

But the Knight yolk'd him with his Spear

To make of him a tame one,

And Arrows thick, instead of Cloves,

He stuck in Monster's Gammon.

For Monumental Pillar, that

His Victory might be known,

He raised in Cylandrick Form

A Collar of the Brawn.

He sent his Shade to Shades below

In *Stygian* Mud to wallow,

And eke that stout *St. George* est soon

He made the Dragon follow.

*St. George* he was for England,

*St. Dennis* was for France,

*Sing* Honi soit qui mal y pense.

\* The Butcher that then served the Colledge. † A Cook who on Fast Nights was famous for selling Co-beef by Tripe.  
\* *Paradis* Garden. \* A noted Ale-house Keeper, in Oxon.

